

Wayside Gleams

By LAURA GOODMAN SALVERSON

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Wayside gleams

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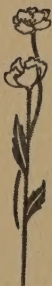
Canadian Literature"

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Wayside Gleams

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by
Laura Goodman Salverson
Author of "The Viking Heart"



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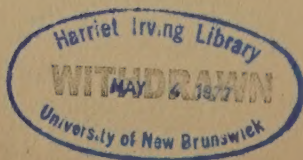


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*These simple verses,
Like the humble flowers
That spring in gladness
From the Prairie's breast,*

I dedicate—

*In love and honest fervor,
To mine own land,
The Open-Hearted West.*

—L. G. S.

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Creation of the Birds

WHEN brooding o'er the earth, newly created—
Where in her pristine splendor fair she lay,
A beryl beauteous, 'mid encircling waters—
The Lord grew lonely through the dragging day.

So, from the sun He took a spark of glory,
And from the clouds their lovely summer hue,
And from the winds the breath of dreaming ages,
And from the fern the ever sparkling dew—

With all these things, in love and exultation,
The little birds He formed with deep delight,
And cast them forth from out His holy bosom,
To make Him glad with song from morn till night.

To a Wild Canary

LITTLE flash of yellow,
Swinging on a bough,
With your voice so mellow,
Oft I wonder how
Such a wealth of music,
From so small a frame,
Pours and swells and rises,
Trills and soars again.

Little flash of yellow,
Swinging on a bough,
With your voice so mellow—
This I fancy now—
In your tiny bosom,
Even while you nod,
Burns the love eternal,
Of a joyous God.

Somewhere in Fields of France

SOMEWHERE alone, in fields of France,
In hallowed ground they lie;
Somewhere the Hovering Shadow vast,
O'er them his quickening quiet cast,
Somewhere in fields of France.

Somewhere they lie in fields of France,
Where fondly smiles the sun;
Somewhere in reverence were they laid,
In graves that men or angels made,
Somewhere in fields of France.

Somewhere they sleep in fields of France,
The servants of the cross;
Somewhere the night-wind stirs the grass
On lowly mounds where God will pass,
Somewhere in fields of France.

Somewhere at rest in fields of France,
Perchance where thrushes sing;
Somewhere the lilies lean above
The blood-stained shrine of holy love,
Somewhere in fields of France.

Merry Spring

O THE golden-sandaled spring
Now comes tripping up the vale,
Bringing gladness!
Bringing gladness!

In her step the grasses quiver,
With delight the breezes shiver;
What a madness!
What a madness!

To the heavens tresses tossing,
To the patient earth her smile,
Fragrance making!
Fragrance making!
In her breath the buds are rocking,
To her arms the birds are flocking,
Music waking!
Music waking!

By the rivers lying lowly,
Over ribboned beds she bows;
Fetters break!
Fetters break!

Calling to the drowsy summer,
Starry-eyed with recent slumber,
Love, Awake!
Love, Awake!

For Canada

GRANT us, O Lord, within the coming year,
Some vision of our noble destiny . . .

* * * *

Give unto us the strength to face anew
Adversity and sorrows . . . or again
Good fortune, with that valiant humbleness
Which ever marks a depth of inward grace;
Grant us, we pray, sincere, courageous hearts,
Wide sympathies, with minds that seek to see
In giving, joy, and pride in honest toil,
In beauty, truth, and good in all mankind;
For every race, for every land, we pray;
Lift them, O God, from out enthralling thought
And prejudice, that they, discerning, find
Thy presence manifest on land and sea.
But last, O Lord, for this our Canada
We crave Thy blessing and eternal aid;
Keep her beneath Thy everlasting hand
And guide her in the path she ought to go.
Keep her fair soul unflinching, aye, and true,
That she, among the nations, may arise,
Made strong with greatness from the fount within,
Imbued with love that knows not any death.
This gracious land, so young, so little tried,
O'er-shadow her with Thy own righteousness,
That she may stand a New Jerusalem
Where man, by giving much, may gather more;
Where Thy sane speech and creed of kindliness

[13]



At last take root to flourish far and wide,
Till she thereon in very truth become
Thy citadel of justice on the earth.

* * * *

Grant us, O Lord, within the coming year,
The vision of our final destiny—
A nation worthy of her ancient dead—
A fabric perfected from deathless dreams.

Asphodel Fields

GRAY lie the fields and pale are the flowers,
Fragile and wraith-like, and studded in dew;
Steel-gray the river encircling the bowers,
Bearing the barges, deep purple in hue.

As clouds after sunset, deep tinted and solemn,
They glide o'er the river so gray and so chill;
Through fields of Remembrance where Life's tear has
fallen,

'Mid asphodel flowers so pale and so still.

Thus Hope, the great pilot, and Love, the good captain,
With patience eternal press on through the gloom;
Somewhere living waters from God's gleaming fountain,
Refresh the glad hills where the white lilies bloom.

The Comforter

O WIND, that ridest in rage the wave,
Yet croons so softly o'er the grave,
That rocks the eagle in his nest,
As fondly as a mother's breast
Her solace gives.

Thy breath has cooled the prophet's brow
In far-off tribal times, and now
Thy fairy footfall charms mine ear,
As, trailing thee, again I hear
The brooding past.

Those ages gone abide in thee,
Their hopes and tears and mystery;
What follies and what sins combine
To swell that mighty voice of thine,
Thou ageless one!

And once, amid the gleaming hills
Beside the Galilean rills,
Thine oracle was sought by Him,
Who, mid the rabble and its din,
Heard God in thee.

Thus, ev'n as then, thy voice hath power
Abundantly to bless this hour;
We gather what another gave,
For God decreed that Thought should brave
Time and Eternity.

Hymn of Night

O H, follower of the feverish day,
Thou calm, majestic night!
Thy sable-sandaled feet may pass
Among the trees, and o'er the grass,
And all will welcome Thee.

Thou handmaid of the Hidden Force,
Who loves, and lendeth love;
In thy deep heart our hopes lie blest,
Beneath thy wings the world's at rest;
Calm Night, we welcome thee!

Upon thy brow the galaxy
In grandeur gleams anew;
And on thy breast the crescent's beam
Appears of thine own heart a gleam;
Fair Night, we welcome thee!

Pass o'er the deep, O tranquil Night!
And spread thy virtues there;
Then, confident, the vessels ride
Upon the undulating tide,
And all will welcome thee.

Thou comforter of age and ill,
Of pain and grim despair;
In thy embrace lies strength anew,
Upon thy lips our life's own dew,
Oh, Night, we welcome thee!

The Meadow

HOW lovely lies the meadow
Now open to my view,
With pulsing emerald bosom,
All glistening in dew;
With here a flaming lily,
And there a daisy, too,
And, yonder, shrubs of willow,
That wave against the blue.

How lovely rolls the meadow
In undulations green,
To meet the archèd heavens
O'erspread in amber sheen;
How lovely 'neath the sunrise
Her bosom swells and heaves
With swaying prairie grasses,
And dancing summer leaves.

Life

A SOUL in slumber
And dreams that creep;
A heart awakened
And eyes that weep—
And the morning of life
is past.

A silver pool,
A sailing swan,
A shaft of light
And the day is gone—
And the long, lone night
appears.

A darkened stream,
A sparkling star,
A sighing wind
And a call afar—
And death, sweet death,
draws near.

And This My Love....

DEEP as the sea
And higher than the hills
Which clap their hands
Beneath an ambered sky,
When in the hush
Of his enchanted hour,
Tinting the clouds
The god of light goes by.

Soft as the wind
Which to the sighing rose
Breathes secrets sweet
Of distant bowers bright;
Strong as the gale
That bears the lonely barge
O'er darkling seas
Toward the harbor light.

Clean as the waters
Of sequestered pools
That dream content
Upon the mountain's breast;
Calm as the chant
Of slowly gliding streams
Through green arcades
Which bid the wayworn rest.

Even as these—
So deep, unutterable,
Given of God
To atoms such as me—
Hold I some part
Reflected graciously
In this—the love
I give, dear one, to thee.

Arboreal Homily

WITHIN the quiet of this calm old wood,
Where faintly falls the river's sobbing sound,
Where, like the filigree of some quaint shrine,
The shades of sun-kissed leaves play on the sward—

There broods a spirit
Benignant and wise,
Deep-souled, great-hearted,
But with grief-stained eyes.

There in the shadow of the hawthorn copse,
Where flits the oriole and the tanager,
How lightly youth has rested, ere she sped
With shout and laughter on her new-found path.

Where ruby lips were pressed,
Do roses bloom?
And daisies—
Where the light feet danced at noon?

Where gleams the river 'twixt her emerald banks,
And onward flows impatient of the sea,
Has age not calmed her over-burdened heart,
And hailed the music of the passing throng?

Does love endure,
Though love's own gift be dead?
In clouds the gold
Of rays that long since fled?

Bathed in the silver of the rising moon,
Fond Mem'ry's shrine still seems the silent wood;
And oak and aspen, Druids, that compel
A tithe of tears for every season given.

There broods a spirit
With a love-lit face,
Among the shadows
Of each lonely place.

The Disinherited Conqueror

(Suggested by the cartoon in *Labor*.)

I STAND alone with empty toil-scarred hands,
Upon the mountain of my life's endeavor;
Below me lie the paths of pleasant wealth,
That I, the conqueror, realized never.

With patient care the stubborn soil I've nursed,
That stores of food the Nation might possess;
Yet of this bounty, when it was dispersed,
No share was mine to ease mine own distress.

My strength has wrested from the bowels of earth,
Her wealth of minerals to swell her dower;
And yet I shivered by my lonely hearth—
My portion penury—the slave of power.

My tired hands have reared the palace wall,
My ceaseless labors paved the Nation's ways;
In times of war responded to her call,
And toiled, in peace, to build for better days.

Because of me, the earth and sea and air,
Have bent their power to the yoke of man;
And yet I stand alone in my despair—
By wealth despised since first the world began.

My weary back has borne the cross of toil,
That others might to peace and plenty fly;
To me no crowns, no share of kingly spoil—
A Conqueror disowned, I live and die.

Fragment

WHEN in the burning ardor of the day,
The virgin freshness of the morn is lost,
While at our feet the roses droop and sigh,
And, flying low, the bees go droning by,
On pillage bent;
Then, in our hearts, there dawns a nameless fear,
As when asleep we toss in troubled dreams,
Yet waking, know not why the pain, nor what
The vision meant.

Then, as we sink beside the thorny road,
Nor care again the mystic goal to view,
The balmy Twilight furls her banners high,
And fleet the Winds of Night go trooping by
With life and lay;
While on the weary ear the songs of Night
Fall sweet and softly, as the crystal dew
That crowns the roses; and the eyes grow bright
With dreams of day.

Calla Lily

WHAT dream'st thou of, O spirit frail and fair?
What magic grace is borne upon the air
To light thy face?

Wrapt close within thy silken raiment sweet,
Thy stamen's sceptres seem full meet
For queen or king.

Dost dream, perchance, of some far distant sun,
Or silver star, when restless day is done,
And zephyrs rise?

Or dost thou dream, O "Lily of the Nile," ,
Of purple waters under skies that smile
Thine image on?

Or, in thine heart dost guard and fast enfold
Diviner things than mortals know . . . the gold
Of patient holiness?

Cui Bono?

DAWN, and the sun's first beam
Glides o'er the lea;
Out from the azure deep
Love comes to me.

Noon, and the torrid rays
Beat on the sands;
Withered, love's flowers fall
Out of our hands.

Dusk, and the setting sun
Glow in adieu;
Night, and the shadows fall
O'er love and you.

Little Pilgrims of the Deep

VOYAGER with pearly crest,
Speeding to thy island nest,
Where the reeds and rushes sleep,
Close beside the rocking deep.

High betwixt the sea and sky,
Screaming loud exultant cry;
Safer there than near the shore,
Haunts of men thou fearest more.

Lone, thou dreamest mid the blue,
God and Time are one with you;
Man may wreck thy body's grace,
But thy soul soars on in space.

Where Madonna Lilies Grow

IN the valley, in the valley
Where Madonna lilies grow;
And the breezes, warm and gentle,
Fair as memory, glide and go;
Half revealing, half concealing,
Where the fragrant flowers blow.

In the valley, in the valley
Lies a bower that I know;
Wherein Love, with heart enraptured,
Chants a choral sweet and low;
Mother lowly, pure and holy,
'Mid Madonna lilies glow.

On Demeter's Breast

O H, when I come to rest
Upon Demeter's breast,
Would it were by the sea,
Where waves might croon for me;
And young gulls, wheeling fast,
Capricious shadows cast.

And let the crickets pass—
All singing 'mid the grass.

Or, let my bed be made
'Neath verdant cypress shade;
Where, in pale Luna's ray,
A plaintive, tender lay,
The nightingales refrain,
May sound for me again.

Where on Demeter's breast
I dream and smile, at rest.

Love's Way

LOVE came one day
On wingèd feet,
Alas! a being bright,
And laid his hand
Upon my heart,
Within my eyes a light;
And all the world
Took on anew
The hues of dawn,
And crystal dew.

Love went one day
On silent wing,
Alas! a heart should trust,
Should ever hope
In Love's light way,
To find a measure just;
For now, in vain
The morning-light
Doth shed his ray
To break the night.

Lament

BESIDE the stream we wandered,
Joy led our feet;
Upon our love we pondered—
No love more sweet;
The gentle night lay dreaming
Mid starry fields a-gleaming,
While Luna glory squandered
In glad display.

The zephyrs breathed a blessing,
Nor aught there seemed distressing
In life—impatient pressing
To live its day.

To-night the moon is hidden
In shroud so cold,
The thrush's anthem chidden—
Her love grown old;
A sad, lone vigil keeping,
The night in grief lies weeping,
While winds, all sorrow laden,
Complaining go.

Upon Thy breast a flower
That blushed in Love's warm bower,
Bequeathed to Death, in dower,
Who laid thee low.

In the Garden of My Heart

(A Song)

HIGH 'mid blue hills.
A little garden lies,
Bathed in strange dews,
Where never daylight dies;
And song-birds charm
Away all strife and care,
Where Joy and Grief
Have knelt in common prayer.

Cho: High 'mid the hills
Where Mem'ry holds her sway,
Where you and I again may live our day,
May laugh and sing,
And list the thrush's call,
In Mem'ry's garden where no shadows fall.

In my own heart
This little garden lies,
The dews are tears
That trembled in your eyes;
The songs I hear
Are only love's refrain,
Where you, belov'd,
Forever live the same.

Mother

FOR every soul there is a guiding star,
For every heart a fount of tenderness;
And thou art mine, O mother; near or far
Thy counsels rise to fortify and bless.

For every soul who ever served just cause,
Was led by Love's firm hand upon the way;
But men grow dull, and mad with world applause,
Heedless of pain which ushered in their day.

And it is well a sacrifice supreme
Lives but with God, who fully counts the cost;
In our mean souls we capture faint the gleam—
To Him who measures life no ray is lost.

In loving thee, my mother, love I God;
From thy deep bosom drew I strength and life,
And from thy counsel formed my Aaron's Rod,
Which leads me still thro' fields of weary strife.

To the Canadian Nature Poet, Bliss Carman

(On the occasion of his visit to Regina.)

THE holy hush of star-crowned night,
The sun upon the sea,
The drowsy murmur mid the pines,
The tide-bound, lone levee—

The pearly mists of dawning day,
The bird upon the wing,
The laughter of the leaping brook
The glades where violets spring—

The Master's love in these to trace,
With voice so sweet, so clear,
Proclaims the priest at Beauty's shrine,
Where gleams of God appear.

Though glories pass and laurels fade,
Still may the bard rejoice;
God walks a comrade through the night
With him that heard His voice.

Pastoral Romance

WINDING down the valley
Flows the brook;
There I love to dally
With a book;
And Benjamin, the haughty thing,
Though so blind, must hear me sing.
Beyond the brook he loiters
With his sheep;
Here I sit so coyly,
But I peep
At the silly creature, standing there
Scowling like an ogre, grim old bear.
Mercy! what's this splashing
That I hear?
Gracious! he is crossing,
Coming here!
Foolish heart, don't flutter, he must never know,
That with all this shyness, I had planned just so.

In the Glade

THE fairest maid
I met in the glade,
To gaze on her was madness;
Demurely gay
She went her way,
And with her went all gladness;
Ah me, the world of sadness!
The bitter world of sadness!

Another day,
Another way,
No more of maids the morrow,
But I shall sigh
Till the wells run dry,
That feed this tender sorrow;
Alas, for joy to borrow!
For love and joy to borrow!

But stay, my friend,
'Tis not the end,
More wit the maiden had;
She sped, though late,
To the old toll-gate,
And thither, too, the lad;
O, sweet, so coy, so glad!
So wise, this maid and lad!

Pioneers

LIFT up your eyes, O Canada!
To that exalted place,
The God-lit hills of memory,
Where dwells the vanished race.

Those stalwart sons, O Canada!
That bravely fought and fell,
And with their bodies paved the way
Where Truth and Honor dwell.

Those daughters too, O Canada!
With calm courageous eyes,
That lead the little stumbling feet
To paths where wisdom lies.

They beckon still, O Canada!
To paths that span the blue,
With patient and eternal faith
In Justice and in You.

In the Mist

I SAW a mansion gleaming,
Gleaming in the night;
Melodious echoes falling,
Sobbing, rising, calling,
Calling all the night.

Maids adorned as flowers,
Fragile blossoms bright,
Round about were stealing,
Preening, whirling, wheeling,
Wheeling through the night.

Men as moths that flutter,
Near the candle light;
Or as hunters stalking,
Silent, ruthless, mocking,
Mocking all the night.

I saw two spirits leaving,
Swift on wings of might,
Faith and Love appearing
Saddened, shocked and grieving,
Fleeing through the night.

Shadows

POOR semblances, grotesque and curious
Of things, perhaps more stable than are they;
A reflex of activities which make
In one, true life, but of the other, shade—
Yet, without one the other were not made.

Poor shadows, ye have ever seemèd so
Strangely imbued with will and eagerness;
Ye walk, ye run, and blithely leap ahead
With true intent, nor pantomime alone,
Some quest, perhaps, of substance which had flown.

As runes upon a wall ye are to me,
Concealing more, me thinks, than ye reveal;
Yet this I read: Ye were not here at all
Were not Reality between ye and the light,
Frail, fleeing symbols, fading into night.

Poor shadows of the Perishable Dust,
Ye less than phantoms, are of comfort still;
For e'en as ye, mayhap my blinded self
Of mine own soul is but the feeble shade—
The shapen clay whence life alone is made.

Morning Call

WHEN the thrush's song is heard,
Ere the rose her dew hath shed,
While the silver-wingèd clouds

Veil the glory of the sun,
Lovely nymphs, with lithesome grace,
Dance upon the verdant hill.

Whirling free, with flying hair,
Singing gayly everywhere.

Calling, "Hearts, awake and sing,
To the winds repentance fling!

To the winds your gloom and grief,
Spring and happiness are brief!"

Calling, "Love, thy dreams forsake
Ere the golden bawble break!

Life awaits thee, calling, crying,
Hasten, Love, the hours are flying!"

In a Grove

I LAY alone within a quiet grove,
The silence of the place was sweet and sad,
Yet on the air were borne the subtle sounds
Which speak of life; here at my feet
A creature timid-eyed, gazed in dismay
At such a giant shape, while hugging close
Unto his breast an acorn; I did marvel
At so bold a spirit; yet dared say naught
For that as great a fear was mine, full knowing
I must lose that fairest sight if I but move.
And here were songsters, trained in God's own choir,
That sung His praises in the balmy air;
While round my head the butterflies would flutter,
Then wing their way to gladden other haunts.
I thought, How fair is life! How fair and fleeting!
A moth with tender wings about a flame!
A moment's joy, a dream of light and beauty,
Then, the great darkness, unexplained of men.
Thus every beauty trails a thought of sadness,
And every grief its hope of gladness, too.
While musing thus, I glanced, and in the distance
Beheld where, on the ground in dread decay,
Lay a huge form that once had reared to heaven,
With calm, majestic pride, each bud and leaf;
Whose branches welcomed birds, and cast with gladness
A gracious shade for good of weary man;
Yet o'er it now grew creepers and soft mosses,

And from the hollow trunk a serpent came
And glided off, like some lone evil thought.
But over all a little bush was springing
That loudly cried a message of good cheer—
The evergreen, in its young tender beauty
Made merry over death and dark decay.
Thus I perceived the miracle eternal,
The common law, and final fate of all;
Upon the grave the roses blush in beauty,
And over both the rays of heaven fall.

Fragment

WISDOM were folly had it no dream
Of aspects greater than objects seem,
Devoid of grace and inward fire
To purge its impulse and desire;
Wisdom, then, no more would be
Wisdom, but its travesty.

Wisdom were folly had it no light
That moved ahead, sublime and bright;
Bereft of vision, clean and true,
To guide its barque deep waters through.
Wisdom were not wisdom when
Wisdom's cause retarded men.

Infinity

THE wind has taken living breath
To soar above the lea;
Or nod upon a budding branch
Beside the crystal sea.
The wind has taken feathered flesh
To soar and sing in glee.

The wind has taken all my dreams,
Those dreams beyond compare;
And blown them o'er the barren fields
In flowers sweet and fair.
The wind has garnered every voice
That soothed weary care.

The wind has taken love as well
And borne it off on high;
And there it gilds the tufted cloud
That sails the evening sky.
The wind has wafted golden love
O'er clouds that hasten by.

The wind has even taken hope
And cast it on the sea;
And there adrift upon the wave,
Bejeweled, it beckons me.
The wind has left the gift of hope
In gleams upon the sea.

On Wishes

DOES the maple ever murmur
To the violet at his feet,
“Would that I were fair and fragrant,
Fair as thou art, gracious, sweet?”

And the violet, shy, a-tremble,
Dewy-eyed return a sigh—
“Oh, for broad and stately branches
Proudly furred unto the sky?”

Does the brook long for the mountain,
And the mountain for the deeps?
And does each grow more in beauty,
Through the dream the other keeps?

Fragment

RUSHING brook that wakes the gorges—
Charms the uplands,
Cheers the lea,

Buoyant, singing songs of gladness,
As in haste thou seek'st the sea—

Would, O brook! that so my madness
Left my fancy
Firm and free!

That like thee, with joyful spirit,
I would meet what fates decree.



Fantasy

IF I might stand upon the mountain top,
And see the valley lying green below,
Nor miss the song of thrush and lilting brook,
Nor gold of daisy where the rushes blow—

Could I so stand at setting of the sun,
And view the rivers winding to the sea,
Nor miss the curfew, nor the beacon light,
Nor browsing cattle on the verdant lee—

Could I remain above the swooping cloud,
Yet hail the rainbow in a rift of blue,
Nor miss the patter of the silver rain
On cottage roofs, that once so well I knew—

If I might stand upon the mountain top,
And hear God's footfall as He hastens past,
Nor in the starlight miss the warmth of earth,
Nor earthly voices where my lot was cast—

Could I so dwell, yet were I not content
That this were heaven, more than that below
Where Grief and Gladness, clasping hand again,
Stand crowned in beauty 'mid the afterglow.

The Inner Light

THERE is a light within my soul,
That speeds me to an unknown goal;
I know not why, I know not where,
But gladly go, nor fret nor care.

The night is dark, the night is long,
But love is there and hope is strong!

There is a song as of the sea,
That calls and cries aloud to me;
So sweet the sound my eyes are wet—
More I would hear, yet more forget.

So deep the strains that throb afar—
Celestial fair, each distant star!

Hall of Dreams

THERE is a spacious mansion—Hall of Dreams;
It rests upon a base of ivory,
The walls are hung in clouds of gilded sheen;
And over all a purple canopy.

And here are blossoms wondrous fair and sweet;
And here are birds that sing in glad refrain;
And here a couch, 'neath leafy palm retreat,
Where weary memory may the while remain.

Here shimmer too, a shining spring upon
Bejeweled tears that fell in holy grief,
And o'er it glides a silky-plumaged swan,
Like hope eternal bringing glad relief.

When faint of heart, with lagging step I pass
Within these sacred portals on my quest,
I hold, alone, a solemn holy mass,
And find from brooding care abiding rest.

And my weak self that fled before the storm
But rued its flight, stands forth in strength anew;
And my fair dream that vanished with the storm,
Finds home again in airy regions blue.

And soon fair forms the mellow light reveals;
They gather round with kindly smiling eyes;
In their fond glances ancient sorrow heals,
And vain regret before their gladness dies.

The selves of them that living, yet are dead,
Arise in virtues they themselves disowned;
And lovèd selves in death we long have moaned,
Reveal that life has naught of death to dread.

Though thrones may rock and reel as drunken men,
And with their monarchs lie in crumbling dust,
While Glory's prowess fades from mortal ken,
And Honor's shield corroded be with rust—

Still, that true self which builds its mansion high
To shelter thus the soul's serenity,
Doth build full well beneath the evening sky,
The spires that last throughout eternity.

Voices of the Sea

THE veil of night is lifting, and I dream
In the grey dawn, beside the water's edge,
And wait in awe the day's first rosy beam,
Renewing once again the sun's long pledge.

Each morn from out the pearly mists of dawn,
The golden glory breaks o'er land and sea;
So, through the age when you and I are gone,
And naught remains on earth of you or me.

Small cause then, friend, to flaunt our puny pride,
To fawn on wealth, or after power lust;
The sea of time swift bears us on its tide
To our lone harbor in the silent dust.

The greatest gift of life is that good friend
Who points to duty with a smiling face
In spite of grief, and bids us to the end
Be high of hope, and worthy of our place.

For every soul that drew from out the deep,
Must heed the Muezzin's call at set of sun;
Must go in shame or honor forth, to keep
A solemn tryst with fate when life is done.

Sea Song

A ROLLICKING wind and a rollicking sea,
And the well-tried crew I love,
What ho! my friends!

To the world's ends,
To the world's end go we!

A gleaming sail and a spreading sail,
As the good ship cleaves the wave,
Can more be had
Of venture glad,
For the lad both brave and hale?

O, the sea's own breast is a troubled breast,
And to treachery wedded her might;
But aye, she's dear,
Though oft she leer
At the lads who love her best.

An ireful wave and a roaring wave,
And the seamen toiling fast;
So, ho! my friend,
Is the sailor's end,
As he greets the insatiate grave.

Baby's Dream

LAST night I had a lovely dream;
I saw a little fairy,
She rode to earth on a silver leaf,
From regions bright and airy.

The little leaf had silken cords
Held fast to butterflies,
And on their wings the starlight played,
A-beaming from the skies.

The fairy had a golden horn
Where-on she blew a note,
Then in a trice, on a moonbeam bright,
Sailed forth a flower boat.

The little boat was full of bells,
The little bells all rang,
And every flowerlet swayed in glee,
And every birdie sang.

Then, when the clock was striking twelve,
And the moonlight was so bright,
From every knoll the elves came forth,
'Twas such a pretty sight.

They hung the fireflies 'neath the leaves,
To fright the dark away;
For elfin folk so love the light,
But may not sport in day.

And soon I heard an awful noise,
My heart about stood still,
But it was just a raven black,
A-flying from the hill.

The ravens are most wondrous wise,
And every thing they know;
That's why the little elfin folk
To them for news oft go.

And I kept just as still the while,
As though I were quite dead—
But then my mamma called to me,
And I saw I was in BED.

Love's Path

A PATH there is, all bathed in sunset glow,
A path of dreams, well loved so long ago;
A path where wanders lone, the long day
through,
A dreary ghost that mourns for love and you.

A little bird still sings upon the bough,
Nor questions life with Why, nor Where, nor How—
Enough for him that borne on wings of light,
His silver carols greet descending night.

The gnarled old elms their silent vigil keep
Above the river, running broad and deep;
And swift of flight to earth the shadows fall,
The hill and glen enshrouding in their pall.

On high, against the night's own dusky breast,
Her gleaming head the Moon doth lightly rest;
While sable robes, adorned with gems, are spread
All round about, where e'er the twain may tread.

While through the dusk, beyond the river's bend,
Where, in perspective, wood and waters end;
A hallowed sight appears to all that roam—
The thousand burning beacon-lights of home.

But I with bleeding breast have wandered long,
A stricken spirit with a mournful song;
The burden of it, not that love is dead,
But that my king had been a knave, instead.

To One Departed

I SENSE a spirit in the upland glades,
A voice of sweetness hear, along the brook;
Find fellowship of hands within the breeze
As tenderly it rocks the wood-bird's nest.

As attar of the fairest summer rose,
The essence of your friendship lives with me.

Though Death may gather to himself the shell,
Wherein did echo faint the soul's refrain;
Yet freely gives to freedom that sweet will,
Which partly slumbered in your mortal self—

And in the silence of the starlit night,
In tides of thought I find your friendship still.

In Loving Memory of Haldora Olson

THE autumn leaves of crimson and of gold,
Resigned in death, lie scattered o'er the sod;
And thou, beloved, that did their grace discern,
Art fast asleep within the arms of God.

But we that weep the fading of thy flesh,
The great heart stilled, the voice forever hushed,
Reflect that night is darkest ere the hour,
That o'er its brow the gleams of dawn are flushed.

Thus in thy weakness thou wert nearer still
The strength of God, wherein all life began;
For spring and winter brush each other by,
And life and death are one in His great plan.

And though we mourn the loss of thy dear self,
From this, our world, and all its fleeting care,
The Unknown Path affrighteth us the less,
Since at the end thou wilt be waiting there.

If a Maid be Fair

WHEN a maid is sweet and fair,
Wondrous fair,
Is there aught in earth or air,
Or of sea will bring her care?
When a maid is young and fair,
O, so fair?

Love's a tryrant, maiden fair,
So beware!
With his trailing grief and care,
Long will haunt thee ev'ry-where;
Pretty maid, be wise, beware,
O, take care!

Baby's Eyes

PRETTY maid, my goddess thou,
Love's bright crown upon thy brow,
Pomegranate lips I see
Curled in kisses all for me.

Pretty maid with dimpled chin,
Where the elves of mischief spin,
Who has made thee wondrous wise,
Planted wisdom in thine eyes?

Two blue pools of limpid light,
Veiling hidden visions bright;
Love and hope of all the ages,
Mirrored in thy living pages.

Little maid, a priestess thou,
'Twixt the Infinite and Now;
Soon thy dreams of long ago
Will be hopes thou long'st to know.

Childhood's Friend

YES, he was right old, my friend of that day,
When I was so young, I knew naught of Life's
way;

Together we dreamed of the fairies and elves,
And journeyed for raisins among his old shelves.

So loving was he, that friend of gray hair,
So calmly resigned to his invalid's chair;
The room was my world, my throne was his knee;
Around my dominions I pushed him in glee.

We traveled to Iceland, the land of his love,
And gazed at the mountains that towered above;
We sat by the streams, and inclined a glad ear
To the harp of the fairies we plainly could hear.

We marveled at Geysir, who roared at the sky,
And rushed up in pillars, then fell with a sigh;
O'er mountains we sped, full of wild outlaw caves,
While Troll maids were singing beside the sea waves.

We visited cot, and we visited king,
We talked with the raven and heard the thrush sing;
We went to the knoll where the black elves stay,
And repeated our prayers to drive them away.

We forded swift rivers, our ponies were fleet,
The rock-bedded gorge rang under our feet;
We rolled o'er the ocean and breasted the gale,
The sun, from his splendor, caressed the white sail.

And when in the dusk night's wing we could hear,
My weary head nestled his kindly heart near;
Then out of the past, with the sheen of its glow,
He crooned me a love song, tender and low.

The room was my world, my throne was his knee,
While all my dominions were dream-clad for me—
But now there remains just the old empty chair
To remind me of him, who my day made so fair.

The Courtship of the Sun

(Norse Mythology)

THE mantled snow—as veils the virgin hide
From prying eyes that bold in rudeness stare—
The lonely Earth enfolded; and with care
Smoothed every furrow gained in long despair.

Above her bosom's matchless white and cold,
The Sun moved on with rays all passionless;
Yet oft his glances met her fixèd eye,
O'ershadowed in the clouds of his own sky.

The virgin-beauty, self-enfolding calm,
Aroused to pique the brilliant Sun above;
And gazing long upon her quiet rest,
Awakened deathless longing in his breast.

Then long implored he, shedding silver beams;
But in her gleaming shroud she hid her face.
Thus Gerd disdained, long since, the love of Frey,
Till Skyrnir wooed her in a bolder way.

So, in his anger, from empyrial heights
Dispensed the Sun the strong-armed mighty Wind,
And bade him with his rage the virgin chide—
With ruthless hands to rend her veils aside.

So, e'en as Gerd for mercy begged and cried,
The tortured Earth her promise meekly made;
Yet asked a respite for her fearful breast,
Then would she wed the Sun at his request.

Then every hour beamed the Sun above,
And every beam grew warmer with his love;
Till, in remorse, the Earth in torrents wept
Away all fears, and frost, on his warm breast.

And from this ardor and these idle tears,
A radiant thing was born, with shining eyes;
Sweet Spring, with tresses where the sunbeams hide,
And tender heart, where love and hope abide.

Gerd— Daughter of Gymir, the Frost Giant.
Personification of the Northern Lights.

Frey— God of the light elves; guardian of the flowers, etc.

Skyrnir—Messenger sent by Frey.

Windows of Mystery

(On contemplation of the great Coal Sacks adjacent to the
Southern Cross.)

GOD wove a garland
Away in the heavens;
Away in the heavens,
Surpassing and fair;
Each bud is a starbeam,
Each blossom a star-gleam,
With dust of their beauty
Is laden the air.

This garland resplendent,
So vast and so mighty;
So vast and so mighty,
Encircles the deep;
Refulgent, the lanes stray
God's own mighty causeway,
That wends mid the glory
The blue heavens keep.

Where splendor meets splendor
In rioting grandeur;
In rioting grandeur
The dim Gaps appear;
The sable-steeped windows,
Beyond which the soul knows
God's greatness lies mirrored,
Majestic and clear.

We Thank Thee Lord

WE Thank Thee Lord, for sunshine and for
shade,

For every tree and every tender blade
That bows beneath Thy breath; for winds
That cool the cheek in fever flushed,
And gentle sleep that every anguish hushed,
For crystal waters—elixir of life,
And luscious fruits wherein the earth is rife;
For all we thank Thee.

We thank Thee Lord, for joy and tender dreams,
And every cherished hope, though it but seems
To all the maddest folly; for silent prayers
That rise on Love's strong wing,
And from above the richest blessings bring;
For holy friendship—comforter of sorrows,
And every soul that gladness gives or borrows;
For these we thank Thee.

We thank Thee Lord, for life and then for death,
That at Thy bidding comes to claim the breath
That Thou hast lent us; for the good ship
That bears us sure and fast,
With spreading sails that brave the tempest's blast;
For the Great Pilot, given by Thy grace,
Whom, through Thy mercy, we may hope to face;
For Him we thank Thee.

Chant of the Deep

MY kingdoms are deep,
Yea, my kingdoms are vast,
Reflecting the wealth of the sky;
With storehouses splendid
Where strange creatures sleep,
And sorrowing wraiths pass by.

My archives are filled
With the records of men,
My aisles with the gleam of their gold;
And purple the current
O'er vestment and shield,
And bones that lie bleaching and cold.

My bosom is flecked
With the fleets of mankind,
The pride of the wise and the strong;
But, deep in my heart
Lie the ships of the dead—
That wait—and have waited so long.



Consider the Sun

CONSIDER the Sun—
He rides on high,
A monarch glorious
Through the sky.
The planets before him
In vanguard go;
About him the stars
In a garland glow.
A coterie splendid
Of matchless grace,
Wheeling and whirling
Through measureless space.

Consider the Sun—
His benignant way,
Breaking the gloom
With his aureate ray.
Crowning the mounatin,
Caressing the deep;
Kissing the bud
From its nodding sleep;
Warming the breast
Of the toiling earth,
Blessing her babes
Of incarnate birth.

The mightiest Monarch,
Yet bending so low
To whisper of love
Where the violets grow!

To the Evening Star

O VENUS, most refulgent star,
That from the purpling fields afar
Doth grace bestow;
When on thy beams my eyes may rest,
A burning flame leaps in my breast,
A longing for Elysian quest,
Yet may not go!

O Radiant Orb, from out the deep,
Where mingling light and shadows creep,
Divine thy way!
To breast the winds from God's own hand,
And whirl through space at His command,
While dwelling lowly on the sand
I breathe my day.

O Star of Evening, beacon bright,
A wanderer in the lonely night
Looks up to thee;
A fleeting moment—then the dust
Needs yield the spark that lendeth trust;
Yet He who guides thee, aye, is just,
And so to me.

Ad Finem

DUSK, and the moon's fair gleam
Falls on the sea;
Love and a far-off dream
Beckon to me.

Night, and the storm clouds ride
Over the sky;
Anguished in mind and soul,
Stricken I lie.

Winds, from the gates of Power
Swift whirling by;
Cleansed is the gloomy bower,
Stilled every sigh.

Darkness, and gleaming star
Glow's o'er the deep;
Bathed in the Master's grace,
Calmly I sleep.

Heritage

THE wealth of the world
Is courted and sought,
But the wealth of our God
Can never be bought;
It is had for the asking
By you and by me,
It is given in bounty
To them that are free.
There are gardens for pleasure,
And valleys for thought,
Rich kingdoms, all priceless,
That cannot be bought;
They are held for the pilgrim
That searches to know
Whose light crowns the mountain,
In mystical glow.

There is gladness and laughter
With loveliness fraught,
Where all find contentment
That n'er may be bought;
For these are the gifts
That are given and lent,
That grow in the giving
And never are spent.

There are vineyards and orchards,
Where beauty is brought
A handmaid to plenty—
But will not be bought;
This heritage splendid
The Lord gives to all
That pause in the silence
To hear His call.

Stray Thoughts

(1)

ONCE, 'mid the lilies of Judean hills,
A little lad in gladness laughed and sang;
While on his hair the sunlight softly played,
And with his joy the gentle echoes rang. . . .
The young lad, Jesus, playing mid the hills,
His laughter, like the lilting summer-rills,
The young lad, Jesus, mid the lily fields.

(2)

And there was one that loved the quiet wood,
And in the calm was filled with strength anew;
Whose gentle soul absorbèd all things good,
As calla lilies hold the crystal dew.

And some there were that could not bear to see
The depth of wisdom in His eyes, so bright;
And so they bruised and nailed Him to a tree—
But still His eyes are burning through the night.

(3)

In all the years of dull and dreary care,
When not a day is cloudless, but is bare
Of some sweet joy;
Teach me, O Lord, Thy hidden ways to find,
In all the round of dismal heavy strife,
And thus, at last, behold without alloy,
Celestial skies.

This is the Age of Reason

THERE is a dearth of giving,
A dearth of tender tears;
A petty mode of living
That withers up the years;
No sound of exultation
In glory fairly won,
Nor kind exoneration
Of deeds in blindness done.

So little joy in beauty,
Or tolerance of pain;
Nor striving after duty
Which holds the heart of gain;
So little time for leisure
Within the quiet wood,
For men are mad with pleasure,
Nor cherish patient good.

So little youthful laughter
To lift our leaden care,
That joy may follow after
And dull delusion's glare;
So lightly cherished friendship
That Love needs hide her face,
Nor many find a kinship
With her immortal grace.

There is no time for dreaming
In this progressive age,
And none, alas, for gleaning
The gems from virtue's page—
This is the age of reason,
Though all men wonder what
Portends the changing season,
AND WHAT THE GODS FORGOT.

Iceland

AH, little Island, lying in the sea,
By idle wind and wave and billow courted;
In calmness thou hast dreamed full many a
dream,

(While age on age with time have gayly sported)
When men, at length, from wisdom file the key
To Glory's realm of love and unity.

Thy crags and peaks in misty shrouds asleep,
Are lifted to the azure of the sky,
Waiting the joy of summer's first warm kiss
To wake thy slumbering beauty, then to lie
A jewel chaplet wherein virtues sleep—
A talismanic gem upon God's deep.

Ah, little Island, resting, on the waves,
In silence brooding on the dreams of yore;
(And all the valiant deeds forgotten now),
When dauntless Norsemen hailed the lonely shore,
And welcomed exile and the vaulted caves,
In lieu of plenty and the yoke of slaves.

The Dying Norseman

(Norse Mythology)

THE wings of my spirit are trailed in the dust,
And the eyes of my soul cast down.
The good sword of strength lies sheathed in its
rust,

The Valkyrs have tossed me a frown.

The strength of my arm 's but the strength of a reed,
My blood slowly trails o'er the mound;
And none have remained save the good trusty steed,
Who, though patient of heart, paws the ground.

In the glow of the morning forth valiant rode we,
The sun on the armor flashed bright.
The gloom overtakes us laid low on the lea;
Pale Helia draws near with the night.

Oh, would that I knew where the bright sword fell,
And again that my arm had the strength
To vanquish the flesh where the spirit must dwell;
Again ride a warrior at length.

But hark! is it thunder, this roar that I hear?
What flashes so fair in the sky?
Oh, can it be gods have inclined a good ear,
That in arms of the Valkyr I die?

Valkyrs—Destiny Inexorable. They appointed those who should
be slain and carried to Valhalla, Hall of Odin, (Paradise).
Helia— Goddess of a dismal underworld.

The Question

I KNOW not what there is of life to be;
I only know that all around I see
Things perish.

The grasses flourish green at break of day,
A blighting breath will bear their life away;
Then what of me?

The lovely rose that breathes forth fragrance sweet,
The birds that every morn in gladness greet,
They perish.

The hoary oak at length will fall and lie,
Another raise broad branches to the sky,
In this retreat.

Am I, who moan and cry and virtues break,
More dear to Him who all these things did make,
That perish?

Shall I not share the common fate of all,
Or, will not they too hear His gracious call,
Again awake?

Ode Dolorous

BARREN tree and meadow bleak,
Faded flower and withered cheek;
Shadows swooping behind the sun,
Gladness and summer, and youth, are done.

Song of linnet, lay of lark,
Lost in the breast of the gathering dark;
Lost in the darkness, heard in the dawn—
Heralds of beauty now faded and gone.

Whither comfort? Whither gain?
Where the recompense for pain?
What for truth's elusive glimmer,
Sought and loved, but captured never?

Heart's Ease

THE dawn is sweet and fragrant,
And fair the noon-day sun;
Yet welcome, too, the shadows,
At length, when day is done.

So dear the hope of springtime,
So loved the fruits it bore;
Yet fonder far, remembrance
Of all that went before.

The shaft that lights the mountain,
But wearies agèd eyes,
While softly glowing embers,
May light them to the skies.

Consolation

THOUGH dusk and darkness gather round about,
And storms beset my worn and weary soul,
Yet ever stronger beats that pulse of life
Called Mem'ry, who within her bosom bears
The hopes and fears and dreams of all mankind.
Her magic wafts the shroud of death aside,
And those we loved draw near in garments fair
As gossamer, and clean as summer rain;
With wisdom they are shod, and on their brows
The laurels wear with sweet humility.
And Grief, that milder sister of grim Death,
In silence passes, casting shadows wide;
Before her chastening rod Corruption flees—
Who fain would feed her venom to our veins—
Thus, in the dreams that rise o'er old, dead days
Is born contentment, and a sense of peace.

* * *

And when we shrink and tremble on our way,
Nor stay the tears that rise o'er vanished hope,
We find, withal, in Solitude that friend
Who points to Mem'ry, with her soft, warm breast;
And there, like children wearied out in play,
Our tears may hide, and care, and all defeat.
Then, from the boundless deeps of universe,
Come sweeping waves that gird us in new strength;
On God's own breath return the thoughts of men
To their old haunts, and aye, more fertile grow;
New prophets rise, new bards with silver tongue,
Proclaiming new the old eternal truths.

Religion

A HOST still serve their Lord with verse and song,
And golden hours spent on Hell discerning,
Protesting loud the follies of the throng
Who harvest death, poor knaves, as pleasures earning.

To read the Holy Book alone, they say—
Nor waste our minds thru wisdom's mad undoing—
Is "meat" enough for any dreary day,
Unless, perhaps, the Devil is pursuing.

In every worldly pleasure there is sin,
Ah, me, what dismal terrors have been brought
By this old phrase, which has been reveled in
Since first men warred to kill what others thought.

A Christ of Peace was taught at point of sword,
On humble knees we fell before the blade,
A God of War is preached by silvered word,
And loud hosannas echo up the glade.

So, age on age and creed on creed must go
To their own death, intolerant and slow;
Confusions and disasters, these we know—
But God moves on in dim, untrammeled glow.

* * *

So drink I deep of Nature's splendid yield,
As He once drew from out the lily field;
And round about, in spite of mad alarm,
Is yet the strength of God's eternal arm.

The Gift

SO much of wondrous praise,
High altars, rich in creeds;
Their priests in robes of splendid weave,
With gracious prayers; what does it leave
For such as me
To bring to Thee,
O Christ above,
Thou Christ of light and love.

My trusting heart I bring,
And all that in it dwells;
The sound of the sea, the song of the bird,
The sigh of my soul, that oft' Thou has heard,
The hue of the flower,
The sheen of the shower,
To Thee I give,
That in Thee again they live.

The smile of the summer sun,
The breath of the evening breeze,
The might of the mountain, the depth of the deep,
The flash of the lightning, the shadows that creep,
The dew of the night,
And the bright starlight,
I lay at Thy feet,
O Christ, at Thy shining feet.

The charm of youthful days,
The calm of patient age,
The wonder of friendship, the faith of a child,
The sweetness of romance, the hours it beguiled,
These blossoms of mind,
Are all I could find,
To offer and bring,
To offer my Lord and King.

The Gift Acceptable

THROUGHOUT the world I sought a jewel meet,
To lay in offering at the Saviour's feet;
In deep recesses where the diamonds sleep;
In coral caves, where darkling waters sweep;
It was not there!

Mid kingly courts, where every costly gem,
That time and toil had yielded up to men,
Was proudly flaunted in its lambent hue;
Yet in despair I fled, for well I knew
These were not fit.

I gazed within the ruby's blood-red heart—
I plucked a rose and pulled its leaves apart;
There, deeply hidden, like a crystal tear
A dewdrop trembled, silver-blue and clear—
Love woke my heart!

O Lord, I cried, the lustrous stones are cold,
Life's rarest gems are known to Thee of old;
The tender tears that fall from Mother's eyes,
Where, 'neath Thy wing, she leads toward the skies
Her little erring ones.

So, to the Saviour, who all sorrow knows,
I brought my heart, and what within it grows;
The knowledge blest that mothers are the gift
God gave the world, to succor and to lift
Each soul to grace.

Brothers All

I SAW a structure rearing heavenward,
With beacons blazing, shedding far their light;
About the base were multitudes to guard
The pillars, deeply sunk into the sod.

Long gazing I a motley throng discerned,
Within the orbit of each light revealed;
Here men of state, resplendent, unconcerned
Of mad disaster, rode their sovereign way.

And here were men who chatted loud and long
To trick the fancy of the sluggish slave,
Lest he awake and sense his age-old wrong,
And with his children walk into the light.

And here was Science wrapped in darkened shroud;
And here was Art behind a golden screen;
And here was Justice, heavy-chained, and bowed
With ancient grief, and crying for release.

With fattened purse were merchants large of girth,
That eager of the beggared snatched a coin,
And with their wives were rocked in righteous mirth,
That in return but half the worth was given.

Here, too, were some that would the laws reform,
And wrangling long, grew drowsy o'er the cup,
And while they slept, born on contention's storm
The weak were whirled, as chaff before the gale.

And men renowned, with care and cautious stealth
Were planning bridges that should span the world,
O'er which should roll the chariots of their wealth,
Where none should pass that built the bridge with toil.

And, as the bird, hypnotic of the snake
Will gaze in anguish, nor to freedom fly,
Mine eye nor sought the tower's charm to break,
Nor spy the strength wherein the base was set.

Then through the air there shot an awful cry,
And in mine heart it echoed loud and long,
I saw within the temple many die,
And with their bodies keep the tower strong.

How wrong, I cried—O God, why must it be?
And in the dusk an angel I espied,
And he replied—Until all mankind see
That all is theirs, the tower, and the might.—

These bended forms, with gaunt and hollow eyes
And shrunken limbs, are blinded yet that they
Might let the tower fall that to the skies
Now proudly rears its head, nor counts their toil;

That they themselves have raised their masters up,
And madly cheered them in their vanities;
So shall they toil and drain the bitter cup,
Till they awake and claim their human right.

And he who builds with brawn the gleaming barge,
And he who guides it o'er the restless deep,
Shall e'en as one confront their Master's charge—
His servants both, to aid their fellow-man.

Slumber Song

SLEEP, pretty baby, the daylight is fading,
Rocked in the breezes the blossoms all nod;
Over the heavens a warm glow is spreading—
Gilding each pathway the angels have trod.

Night now is nearing with balm and with blessing,
Weary, each birdling worn wings now may rest;
Comes softly stealing, the care-worn caressing,
Dreamy-eyed sleep of the peace-giving breast.

Sleep, then, my baby, in God's grace o'ershadowed,
E'en as the lambkin the shepherd holds dear;
O'er silver-browed bridges that span darkened shallows,
Angels come speeding to lull every fear.

My Plea

IF I, from out the universal store,
One thought have gathered to my soul as guest,
Oh, let it live—

When I am dead and gone—
To bear a fruitage in some kindly breast.

If I, at last, have dreamed a dream so fair,
That in my barren life its wing bedrooped,
Oh, let it live—

When I am dead and gone—
To find a voice and sing as I had hoped.

If I have longed for life abreast the plane,
Ill passion scorning, and above the cloud,
Oh, give it room—

When I am dead and gone—
To break in beauty from the clinging shroud.

Sleep, O Shining Love

BLOW, blow, silken wind,
Softly, sweetly, delicately.
In and out among the trees,
Round and about, O summer breeze,
In a dancing roundelay.

Sing, sing, silver bird,
Thrilling, spilling, merrily
Up and down in a ladder of sound,
From the deep blue sky to the dark green
ground,
In a surge of ecstasy.

Flow, flow, river of gold,
Calmly, strongly, endlessly,
Over and on to the purple sea,
Restless and hot as the heart of me
In a world of memory.

Sleep, sleep, O shining Love,
Softly, sweetly, delicately,
In and out and through the years,
Minding never the falling tears
On your emerald panoply.

April Rain

O APRIL is a month of rain,
Of softly grey and silver rain
That tinkles down the windowpane
In elfin ripples flowing.

Come out and hear the merry sound
Of grasses springing from the ground,
And emerald leaflets all around
In ecstasy ablowing.

O, while the rain is dropping down,
In pearl and silver slanting down,
Come out and see the hooded town
In faerie sheen ashowing.

O April is a month of gold,
Of lacquered blues and greens and gold,
Of swallow flights and songs ne'er old
To hearts of April's knowing.

Whither and Away?

YOUNG Love, dear Love,
Whither and away?
"To the brown and amber hills where the fairies
stay.

Brown and tall the grasses, gold the sun between
Where the sable crickets pass, caper and careen."

Sweet Love, shining Love,
Whither on and why?
"To the birchwood, soft and shining, silver mast
against the sky.

Tremulous and shaken by each gust of wind
Dreaming in a witching ring, wondrous to find."

Kind Love, soft Love,
Whither on so fast?
"To the mountain grey and old, shadowy and vast;
Where the black pines through the day sit and watch
the sky,
And on wings of majesty drifts the eagle by."

Grave Love, kind Love,
Whither now agoing?
"Westward to the shoreless sea where the winds are
blowing.

Blowing from the hills of Time incense sweet a-bearing,
And the tides come singing in lotus-buds a-wearing."

Song of Seasons

THE soft wind runs through the rushes
And bends the reeds;
And the little withered grasses bow low
And swaying against each other
Whisper and sing.
And the sound is soft enchantment
Of summer suns and spring,
And the swallows silver sailing
On swift and tireless wing.

The cold wind sweeps the rushes
And rattles the reeds;
And the little withered grasses bow low
And swaying against each other
Shake their beads—
Their globule rosaries
Of rainbow frost and seeds.
And the snowflake stars come drifting
To sparkle on the reeds.

Where Wind the Roads of Arcady?

WHERE lies the road to Arcady,
Along the hill or to the sea?
Where lies the road to Arcady,
I would away to find it?

Are swallows fledged in Arcady,
And honey-brewing taught the bee?
O, where's the road to Arcady,
I would away to find it?

Lie moon and stars in Arcady
All white and silver on the sea?
Comes up the sun at Arcady,
In lambent flames a-thunder?

Sing low, sing late in Arcady
The meadowlark and belted bee?
Sail dragonflies at Arcady
On rainbow wings of wonder?

Where wind the roads of Arcady?
Ah, foolish heart, and don't you see
The West is all one Arcady?
But Love alone can find it.

Little One and Dearest

(A Memory)

O LITTLE one and dearest,
O little one and best;
Your head upon my shoulder
Your heart upon my breast—

O little tears and laughter,
And winsome smiling grace,
All melody and rapture
Beguiling from your face—

O little feet so eager,
And little hands so swift
To twine the yellow daisies
And bring them for a gift.

O little one, and dearest,
Once more to hold you blest
With dewy sleep, were having
The Christ-child for a guest.

How shall I not remember
O little one apart. . . .
With your eternal springtime
Asleep within my heart.



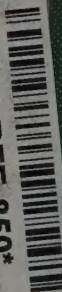




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